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Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

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We are making an early effort this season to anticipate the wants of our customers with a choice and complete assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS



We call your special attention to our elegant display of

Gold Nugget Brooches and Pins
Alaska Rings, Souvenir Spoons, Cut Glass, Silverware, Hand-Painted China, Beautiful Dishes of All Kinds

All New and in Greater variety than ever before

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent



EASTMAN KODAKS AND SUPPLIES



OUR ANNUAL BOW

With this issue the SENTINEL begins its sixth year of laboring for the good and welfare of Alaska, in general, and Wrangell, in particular.

We are grateful to the reading public for their subscriptions, and to the home and outside business for their generous advertising and job-work patronage, all of which have combined to make the past year a moderately successful one, financially.

We have endeavored in the past, as we shall in the future, to stand for the right, and in doing so, if we have given offense, it is no more than we expected; for a newspaper can not be run to please everybody. It is, however, our policy to accomplish the greatest possible good and, at the same time, arouse the least possible enmity or bitterness. This we have done and shall continue to do.

Again thanking the people for their patronage, and soliciting an increased continuance of the same, we enter upon what, we trust, will be the most successful year in Wrangell history.

Very respectfully,
GEO. C. L. SNYDER.

AFTER THE RATS

An account of the appearance and ravages of bubonic plague in Seattle and other coast ports, the towns of Alaska are waking up to the fact that the danger of spreading the disease to northern ports is as great as anywhere else, and already some towns have adopted measures for the extermination of the whole rat family. Last week, Town Clerk J. E. Worden received a letter from the mayor of Juneau, asking the co-operation of Wrangell's council in the matter. A similar letter had been sent to each of the Southeastern Alaska towns.

The Wrangell council promptly met and issued instructions to the residents in regard to the disposition of rubbish, such as vegetable and fruit peelings, etc., and also offered a reward of five cents apiece for each rat killed in town.

This is a matter which should command the willing and hearty attention of every citizen of Alaska. All of our vegetables, fruits, and, in fact, almost every other article of subsistence is brought from the south, where bubonic plague has already killed a number of people. Every ship is infested with rats which are apt to be infected, and as they make crates of vegetables their favorite playground aboard ship, it will be readily seen that the peril is great.

Throw all vegetable and fruit peelings, in fact, all kinds of rubbish where the tide will cover it; or, better still, burn all accumulations of trash. Get your rat traps and rat poison where the rats are most numerous, and go after the pests rough-shod.

A SUGGESTION

While the council is allowing bounty on rats, and citizens are killing them for the benefit of the public health and safety, why would it not be a capital idea to also get rid of the diseased dogs, with which the town is superabundantly supplied? Take a walk down to the shingle mill, and along the way you will see, without effort, not less than fifty many, scabby, cringing creatures, to which death would be a boon. They are far from ornamental and are surely not useful, so, why should they be permitted to run at large?

We heard one man say "the Indians are the only ones who will be affected by contact with these brutes." A native's health and life is as precious to him as is a white man's to himself. Besides, the whites must, perforce, mingle, more or less, with the natives. Suppose a native, after fondling one of those dogs, enters a store and handles an apple which is later eaten, peeling and all, by a white; who is most affected?

And then, "dogs is dogs;" the dog of the white man goes to "visit" among the dogs of the native, and then goes home to the carresses of the white man's children. Who, then, is affected?

And again: One of those brutes gets a rat which carries germs of the plague. He then goes in the house and rubs his nose against the people to whom he belongs. Those people then go about and mingle with others. Who is affected?

SENTINEL would suggest an ordinance providing for the examination and destruction of every canine suspected of being diseased, and the confinement of all other dogs to the premises of their respective owners. When the public health is at stake, we can ill afford to show partiality; and a few dogs less would be a blessing. Think it over!

Fred Congdon returned to Petersburg on the Jefferson. Fred is kept busy over there, repairing gas engines, and says Petersburg is the busiest place in Southeastern Alaska. His family will move to Petersburg as soon as Fred can get a house built.

"The Musher" is the name applied to a neat little paper published by the soldier boys at Fort Wm. H. Seward.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

Just Received a Large Shipment of

Blankets, Sheets, Towels, White Goods, Flannels, Calicos, Gingham
LADIES' AND GENTS' HOSE AND UNDERWEAR

BOOTS AND SHOES

TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. BEWARE OF FIRE!

RENEW YOUR PIPES AND ROOF PLATES

Hot Blast Stoves and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Large Stock of Guns and Ammunition

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PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

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WRANGELL, ALASKA

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in Patenaude Building
Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
Other hours by Appointment

WRANGELL, ALASKA

ROBERT W. JENNINGS

Attorney at Law

JUNEAU, ALASKA

Stickine Tribe No. 5
Imp. O. R. M.
Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Rod Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Schooling chiefs always welcomed.
ELMER J. FRESCOTT, Seward.
A. V. R. SNYDER, C. of R.

SALMAGUNDI

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Chamber of Commerce tonight.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving.

Supt. H. F. Swift came over from Klawick in the Teddy.

Rev. Wagner of Klawick was a Wrangell visitor last week.

The Baker Drug Co. is forging to the front in a manner that is surprising to everybody. Watch their store.

After a few days' visit in town, Mrs. I. M. Hofstad returned to Ecow Bay on the Jefferson.

The work of re-piling the wharf has been completed, and the pile driver laid by for future reference.

Geo. Whitman and Ben Holderman came over from Klawick in George's gasoline steamboat last week.

After a year's absence, the genial countenance of Chief Engineer Dement again appears in the Seattle.

In the matter of the sale of the Wrangell sawmills, a hearing to show cause why the mills be not sold, has been continued to Thursday, Dec. 28, 1907.

TERRITORIAL CONVENTION

The Alaska Republican Territorial Convention for 1907 is a thing of the past, and the delegates have returned to their homes. The Jefferson carried the northern delegations to Seattle, where they will take passage north.

The convention was a rather one-sided affair, the northern delegations having had everything pre-arranged, and the other fellows, being in the helpless minority, got "what the little boy shot at." Some of the southeastern delegates, dissatisfied with the way things were going, walked out early in the session, making still clearer sailing for the second and third districts.

Resolutions were adopted denouncing the course pursued by Governor Hoggatt and favoring territorial government for Alaska.

Lack of space forbids the publication of the platform, but the following is a summary of the proceedings, taken from the Juneau Dispatch:

Taft for president.

Alaska for home rule.

National Committeeman—Dr. L. S. Keller.

Chairman Territorial Committee—J. D. Shelton.

Secretary—Chas. Wulf.

Members—Hunt of Ketchikan; Simpson of Douglas; Shea of Skagway; Cassell of Council; Pepper of Candle; Meloy of Nome; McGinn of Fairbanks and Youngs of Seward.

Delegates to National Convention—J. G. Heid of Juneau; W. T. Perkins, E. W. Johnson and R. S. Ryan of Nome; James Wickersham of Fairbanks and F. L. Ballaine of Seward.

Alternates—L. S. Keller of Skagway; Harry Steele of Nome; Sol Riplinsky of Haines; J. Gilroy of Nome; D. A. McKenzie of Cordova and J. K. Brown of Orea.

The convention also authorized the holding of a convention at Ketchikan in May, to nominate a candidate for delegate to congress.

Rumor has it that J. A. Mason is enroute from the east, fully prepared to establish a big cold storage plant in the Narrows.

The steamer Jeanie went aground in the Narrows last week, and was compelled to wait two days for the tide to float her. No damage.

Geo. H. Barnes returned home from his Farragut Bay camp, Friday last, reporting everything O. K. Logan Haverd is watchman for the winter.

TREASURER'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the tax roll of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for the year of 1907, has been placed in my hands for collection.

Any and all of such taxes not paid on or before the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on Monday, December 30, 1907, shall become delinquent, and a penalty of five per centum of such tax will be added thereto, as provided by law and ordinance in such cases.

L. C. PATENAUDE, Treasurer.

Dated at Wrangell, Alaska, November 13, 1907.

Take your prescriptions to the Baker Drug Co. 1010tf.

COLLINS' PILE DRIVER LOST

During the gale of last Sunday night the big pile driver belonging to Jack Collins broke its moorings at the head of the bay, and drifted out into the big "drift." As soon as the loss was discovered, Ed Lyons' launch was sent out to look for it, but up to this time the big craft has not been found. Machinist Kinney's launch and Wm. Lloyd's boat, which were made fast to the pile driver, also went adrift, but the latter hung up on Shakes' Island and Kinney's launch was found at the north of Vank's Island, where she had been anchored by Wm. Tamare's loggers.

Conjecture is rife as to the fate of the pile driver, which, if sunk, will be quite a loss to Mr. Collins.

TRADERS AND TRAPPERS

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullman, New York, pays highest prices for furs. 1121tf.

Contractor H. D. Campbell and son, Ernest, came up on the Jefferson, after finishing the work on the school house at Klawick.

The Teddy, carrying west coast mail and passengers, arrived in Tuesday afternoon and left on the return at about 8 o'clock the same evening.

Those Hawaiian maidens cut quite a swath in Alaskan society. Wonder if a bunch of "yaller gals" from the sunny South would do the same.

A 24x7 foot skiff, brand new, has been left with me to sell. \$30 will buy it. Just the thing for seining.
GEO. SNYDER.

BEAUTIFUL BURNT WORK

The most beautiful and artistic pyrography ever exhibited in Wrangell is that done by Albert Couture, a young man of Wrangell. For several seasons past caricatures from Albert's pen have been the source of much amusement to his friends, besides proving him to be an artist of no mean ability. His latest and greatest success, however, is post cards, photo frames, souvenirs, etc., of yellow cedar, burnt and colored with water colors, which for originality of design and tasteful colored decoration surpass anything of the kind ever seen in these parts. Such talent should be encouraged, and the best way to encourage it is to buy the work, any of which would make elegant gifts for the "folks back home."

TEDDY WILL RUN

A dispatch dated at Chattanooga on Nov. 16, bears the surprising news that Roosevelt has changed his decision in the matter of acceptance of the nomination for president. In reply to a question as to whether he would accept, the president said "yes."

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wigg last Monday received a brand-new Kimball piano for the use of their little daughter, who is one of Mrs. Milligan's pupils on that instrument.

Your Business IS NOT WORTH HAVING

Unless it is worth going after. That is why we are going after it with such persistence. Your REGULAR patronage is what we want, and we will get it if we can. We can fit your fancy, figure and finances in more ways than you knew existed. This is no "idle gossip"—it is good store news. Keep coming our way and you will find what we say is true.
YOURS FOR BUSINESS

THE BAKER DRUG CO.
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

WRANGELL DRUG CO.
Wholesale and Retail Druggists

DEALERS IN

Fancy and Staple Goods, Candies, Notions, Toilet Articles, Stationery, School and Photo Supplies



MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

A Bradford (Vt.) man has succeeded in making an apple tree bear roses. It probably is a thorn-apple tree.

Some scientist has declared that electric fans spread germs. They also spread fingers which happen to get into them.

Several million women would be glad to know, you know, how Queen Alexandra manages to retain her youth and good looks.

It is costing San Francisco \$2,000 a month to provide for Abe Ruef. Abe has always been one of San Francisco's most costly luxuries.

Richard Harding Davis assaulted a man recently for calling him an imitation Englishman. Mr. Davis insists that he is the real thing.

The steeplejack in New York who was killed by a fall of only six feet probably had missed hundreds of opportunities of dying thrillingly and spectacularly.

A woman is suing for a divorce because she has discovered that she is the thirteenth in her husband's affections. Superstition leads women to do some ridiculous things.

The skeleton of a prehistoric animal that was 314 feet long has been found in Wyoming. There must have been a time when irrigation was not necessary to make things grow in that State.

After she had saved the lives of three young men a New York girl refused to let her name be known to the reporters. She must be the only girl in the land who has no desire to go on the stage.

"Can a man who is a Christian actually be engaged in the production of wealth under modern conditions?" asks Prof. Shailer Mathews. Up to this writing the professor has received no answers.

It cost the United States \$2,554,970 to maintain order in Cuba during the fiscal year recently ended. Well, we may at last have the satisfaction of knowing that it was a pretty good brand of order.

James J. Hill astonished his friends recently by appearing in a suit of white. He even wore white shoes. Perhaps Mr. Hill has decided that it will be useless for him to go on trying to look like a Methodist preacher.

Harriman is quoted as saying that he would rather own all the railroads than run the government. The reporter probably misunderstood him. He must have said he would rather own all the railroads and run the government.

It has been estimated by an American in China that more than eight hundred thousand lives have been saved during the famine by American contributions to the relief funds. Since these contributions amounted to about eight hundred thousand dollars, every one who gave a dollar can think that he was the means of saving one life.

Two hundred and ten loaded freight cars is the train which a locomotive, lately built for the Erie railroad, will haul upon a level track. The locomotive weighs more than two hundred tons and is supported upon sixteen driving wheels, eight on each side. A train a mile and a half long, which is the length of two hundred and ten cars, would have astounded railroad men of the last generation, but engineers today are looking forward to longer trains. If they have not already made them up.

The four recreation buildings for workers on the Panama canal are to have each a library of six hundred volumes. The books are to be of all kinds, and the fiction in the several libraries is to be different, so that it can be exchanged from one to the other. In choosing it, the experience of a chaplain in the Philippines might have been useful to the commission. He had collected a few score books from friends at home, and for fiction had selected sturdy books of adventure, such as his gentle heart told him would appeal to brave soldiers. The books did not seem to interest the men, and the chaplain finally asked one of them about it. The man shuffled and blushed, and said, "Well, the fact is, padre, away out here I like a good, soft love story, something with plenty of mother and father and girl in it."

In connection with the terrible accident on board the battleship Georgia, by which nearly a dozen men lost their lives and half a score of others were injured, no picture stands out more pathetically unforgettable than that of Admiral Goodrich and his wife at the deathbed of their third and last son, all given to the service of their country. The first had lost his life at San Juan, the second had died in the army. When, in the war with Spain, the word came to Captain Capron that his only son lay dead in another part of the field, he went, as soon as duty permitted, to the spot where the body lay, lifted the flag which covered the face, looked long upon it, and with the words, "Well done, my boy!" turned back to

his battery. Parents who enjoy the blessing of a home in which all their children are gathered, or to which they return at frequent intervals, are hardly capable of understanding the anxiety and heartache which enter so commonly into the lives of army and navy parents, even in times of peace. The service confers its distinctions and offers its compensations, but it also exacts its sacrifices. There is always the experience of varied and trying climates; there are long absences and frequent separations; and more often, perhaps, than is supposed, there is sudden and great danger. The quiet dignity, the uncomplaining fortitude with which these things are borne are not among the least admirable qualities of those who compose that service whose duty is not primarily to command, but really to serve.

Now and then when there is a particularly flagrant case of wickedness called to public attention advocates of the whipping post come forward and urge a return to this old time form of punishment. The growth of the humanitarian spirit in connection with criminology has been marked by the abolition of methods which once found favor, and the whipping post long since disappeared, except from a few places. Delaware has been the conspicuous instance of a State which has retained it. The experience of one of the officers of a State institution who has just given up his place is not favorable to the effectiveness of the whipping post. He reports that since November, 1901, he has whipped 235 men, giving them from five to sixty lashes each, according to the nature of the offense. Of this number sixty had been whipped before, some of them as many as six times. His judgment is that this record does not sustain the contentions of the advocates of the whipping post as to its certain effectiveness in lessening crime. He himself has become tired of his job, which one can easily imagine to be anything but a pleasant one. The tendency among those who are studying criminals is strong to do away with harsh and cruel methods and to appeal to the better instincts of humanity in every way possible. They have their faith sorely tried on many occasions. Their efforts often appear to be futile. Those whom they would help abuse the kindness of their friends. Nevertheless there is a steady persistence in the belief in the superiority of kindness to brutality. The testimony of the Delaware whip wielder goes to show that Delaware ought to give up the whipping post. It is strange that the State should take pride in clinging to a brutal anachronism.

Damages at Rate of 50 Cents a Pound
Miss Amanda Stuetzel, who weighs 250 pounds, got damages at Norristown, Pa., at the rate of 50 cents a pound in a breach of promise suit which she brought against Daniel Kinsell.

Miss Stuetzel is 45 years old and has had hard luck in her love affairs. She testified on the witness stand Monday that two other men had "gone back on" her, and that when Kinsell gave her the slip she made up her mind that she would not continue to meet the insults of his sex with tame endurance. She said that Kinsell wanted a housekeeper, but when he saw her he decided he would rather have her for a wife. Miss Stuetzel was willing, but Kinsell, who is 38 years old and not so poetic as he once was, got tired of his bargain after a few visits and said the match was off.

The jury gave Miss Stuetzel a verdict of \$125.

French Rags High Priced.
A collector of rage offered the manager of a large New York boarding house a certain price for a bag of worn-out rags.

"These rags are worth more than that," said the shrewd landlord. "I run several houses in this neighborhood, and all are occupied exclusively by French guests." The dealer apparently considered that remark sufficiently explanatory. He cast a hasty glance upon the contents of the bag, then raised the price. "And he could well afford to raise it, too," said the landlord. "Even at that rate he will make money off the things. French rags the world over bring a higher price than any other. The reason why? French people wear a better quality of linen and their cast-off garments are in demand by all manufacturers of high-grade paper."

Worship of Teeth.
Teeth are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in an Indian temple. The Chinese worship the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's and a shark's tooth serve a similar purpose among the Malabar Islanders and the Tonga Islanders, respectively. The Siamese were formerly the possessors of the tooth of a sacred monkey, which they valued highly. In a war with the Portuguese they lost the holy grinder, along with much gold and precious stones.

Hard Luck.
Tired Tatters—I saw de new moon over the left shoulder las' night. I wonder wot dat's a sign of? Weary Walker—It's a sign dat de nex' place youse ask for work youse'll git it.—Chicago News.

His Hopes.
Towne—So that French count is to marry Miss Roxley, eh? What does he expect to get from her?
Browne—A million dollars and a divorce later.—Philadelphia Press.

"Many boys," says a philosopher, "are called, but few get up."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JAIL FOR TRUST OFFENDERS.

By Attorney General Bonaparte.



C. J. BONAPARTE.

I have noticed a good many complaints that criminal prosecutions against trust magnates and sentences of imprisonment for them have been very infrequent, and, in fact, for practical purposes unknown. It is perfectly true that, in my opinion at least, a better moral effect would be produced by sending a few prominent men to jail than by a great deal of litigation, however successful, against the corporations they controlled.

But it must be remembered that it is only successful prosecutions which would have a good effect. Some time since two corporations and their respective presidents were indicted jointly for violation of the criminal provisions of the anti-trust law. If the corporations were guilty of such, it would be hard for the lay mind at least to understand how their presidents could be innocent. Nevertheless the jury convicted the corporations and acquitted the presidents.

It is the avowed purpose of the department of justice to prosecute criminally any one who is really responsible for violations of the anti-trust law wherever it can do so with any reasonable probability of success. It does not care to prosecute mere underlings who are known to every one to have acted under the direct authority of their superiors.

WOMEN ARE BRAVER THAN MEN

By George R. Sims.



There is bravery and bravery. There are women and women. The noblest bravery is the bravery of the noblest type of womanhood, for it is the bravery of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice.

The single woman dependent on herself for her livelihood never made a braver fight of it than she makes to-day, and she sets a bright example to many a young man in the struggle. The widow, left frequently with a young family practically unprovided for, fights with the stout heart that the widower does not always display.

We have but to read the stories of heroic self-sacrifice by women for their children in the stories of accident and inquest that are the saddest incidents of daily life, to learn, to know, and to honor the splendid bravery of which a gentle and loving woman can be capable. It is in the sublime and all-conquering instinct of motherhood that woman constantly displays a bravery in the presence of which the bravest man is proud to do her homage.

Men are braver than women in their code of honor. Men are braver than women in defying Mrs. Grundy. They are braver in resisting temptation to personal ex-

travagance. They are braver in acknowledging their faults, their pecuniary positions, and their poor relations, and their age. The moral cowardice of a woman with regard to the flight of time is proverbial. In the presence of the census paper every woman over five and twenty is an object lesson in the lack of bravery.

APPALACHIAN FOREST RESERVE

By W. L. Hall of the U. S. Forest Service.



The States east of the Mississippi are estimated to contain now but 900,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The States have reserved about 2,500,000 acres. All the rest is under private ownership, which system has resulted in the reduction of the commercial forest from covering the entire area to its present condition. Over most of the region fires still burn without hindrance. The forest is being used faster than ever before. As an index of the changed situation in the timber supply in the Eastern States in ten years, note the rise in prices of our leading woods. Whatever side the timber situation in the Eastern States is viewed from, one is forced irresistibly to the conclusion that remedial measures must be taken, and that quickly, or we shall be in the midst of a timber famine. The only remedy yet proposed which at all meets the situation is for the federal government to undertake the establishment of national forests in the Appalachian mountains. Although the Appalachians bear large quantities of pine, spruce, and hemlock, they are essentially a hardwood region, and they are the only hardwood region we shall have in the future. There is no question but that with the right management the Appalachian mountains would produce permanently all the hardwood timber required in the United States.

OUR DADDIES OUT-THOUGHT US

By W. P. Faunce, President of Brown University.



The young people of to-day, as compared with those of fifty years ago, are chiefly deficient in power of sustained attention and original thinking. They cannot, or at least they usually do not, think as clearly, as patiently and as cogently as did their fathers.

They do not as quickly distinguish the irrelevant from the pertinent, the kernel from the husk, as the men of the last generation. They have an amazing fund of information, they are wide readers of bright ephemeral literature, they have tasted every fruit on the great tree of knowledge, they know a thousand interesting scraps, they are more versatile and ingenious and attractive than any other of the recent generations.

But they are quickly led astray by sophistry, and easily led to surrender conviction when it conflicts with interest.—New York World.

NOT THIS WAY AGAIN.

We shall not pass this way again, If there be aught of secret pain 'Tween you and me, In the great sea Of all men's pain let it be cast This night, that only love may last.

We shall not pass this way again, My heart, in pain shall we refrain From tenderness, And cease to bless Each added hour that love may give Us in this piteous space we live?

We shall not pass this way again, Haply to-morrow comes in vain, If we shall part With heavy heart This night. Ah, then could love forget The little griefs we cherish yet? Let us be done with pain— We shall not pass this way again.—The Delineator.

The Manager

"Did you see the old tyrant look at me this morning?" snapped the little blonde girl at the ribbon counter. "I thought he'd taken my head off."

"Well, you shouldn't talk about your steadies during business hours," laughed a lace counter girl. "You're expected to have your mind strictly on business and do your little best to promote the interests of the firm, don't you know?"

"Oh, bother the firm. The firm is nothing to me. I'm working for the best interests of Susie Gibbons, and don't let anybody forget it. Besides, that hateful Venner had no business to come snooping around just when I was talking confidential matters. Don't you think so, Ethel?"

"I think he's horrid," her counter mate responded. "He always looks like a meat axe."

"Who'd ever want to marry him?" "Oh, I don't know. He might be tamed."

"Why don't you take the job, Kitty?" Whereat they giggled and trooped down the aisle to the big front door.

A moment later a man emerged from behind the new partition. It was John Venner, the manager of the great store. A faint smile hovered about his lips.

"What the old proverb about listeners?" he muttered. "It is quite evident that I do not hold a desirable place in the good graces of these young women. I'm sorry I overheard their talk. I would have showed myself, but I couldn't very well after they had fired their broadside. I'm a hard man all right, but I've never to my knowledge done any man or woman an injustice. Who was the girl that stood up for me? She called me a gentleman. Her name is Alice and she is a newcomer. I wonder if they were right when they said she would learn to hate me as the others do? None of them seem to realize that I am but a steward here. Alice Landon's duties were not exact-

ing and she soon learned to make herself useful. There were little annoyances now and then, but they did not discourage her. One day, however, a more serious dispute arose over a sale that Alice had made, and the purchaser, a matron of commanding and somewhat offensive manners emphatically declared that a certain piece of lace she had purchased was damaged when it left the counter. Alice remembered the sale very well and knew that the woman was mistaken. Consequently, she held her ground, and the woman departed vowing to obtain satisfaction from the management.

A little later Alice was summoned by a boy to come to the manager's office. She found the manager there and the irascible matron.

"Miss Landon," said the manager in his measured tones, "you understand the claim made by Mrs. Harrington. Let me hear your story."

She told it in as few words as possible.

"You may go, Miss Landon." Late that afternoon a shower came up and when Alice Landon, trailing behind the girls as was her custom, passed through the big door, she hesitated a moment, having no umbrella.

Then a voice greeted her. It was that of the manager.

"Let my umbrella and myself accompany you to your car," he said, and fell into step beside her.

"I think I owe you a little explanation," he presently added. "Perhaps Mrs. Harrington's thoughtless remark annoyed you, but you should remember she was very angry and very unreasonable when she made it. She went away threatening me with the loss of her custom, and promising to write a full explanation of the matter to Miss Carmichael."

"Miss Carmichael?" "The owner of our store, and my respected employer. She is now in Switzerland, I believe. I have never seen her. Perhaps she may conclude to dispense with my services when she views Mrs. Harrington's letter."

"Oh, that would be too bad."

"Thank you. But I'm not very much alarmed. In fact, I have a tempting offer from a man of means to enter into a partnership with him. I believe I need a change. I've no doubt I'm rapidly becoming a mere machine. I

am 32 years old and all I know is business, business, nothing but business."

He spoke a little bitterly, but his face quickly cleared as he caught the girl's gaze.

"They say you have been very successful," she said. "Will you let me know if you hear from Miss Carmichael on this subject?"

"Why, yes, I will," he answered. "This is my car," said the girl. "Thank you, and good-night."

Two days later Alice Landon went to the stockroom on the eleventh floor. When she had found the goods she wanted she started to return. As the elevator descended she stood close to the boy. It was a swift and noiseless car. Her gaze was directed downward.

As the car reached the second floor the boy slackened its speed a little. Then the girl, leaning forward, saw the back of a man close to the elevator shaft on the floor below. He evidently had opened the iron gate and was looking into the basement.

With a quick and firm grasp she caught at the rope and checked the car just in time to prevent its knocking the man into the opening.

He drew back and stood there as the car slowly settled at the floor level.

The girl was John Venner.

The girl's white face scared him more than his recent danger.

"Thank you, Miss Landon," said John Venner. "I'm sorry you were startled. I was doing just what I've cautioned the help a hundred times not to do. Are—are you all right now?"

"You were very careless," the girl responded. "Good managers owe it to their employees not to take such risks."

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," he laughed. "I'll promise to be more considerate."

Every afternoon thereafter he walked with the girl to the car, and strange to say, his attentions were not noted by the other clerks, a fact for which the girl was profoundly thankful.

And then one morning a messenger summoned her to the manager's private office.

He was there alone.

"I have heard from Miss Carmichael," he said. "I received a letter this morning through her lawyer here. It is a strange letter. I can't quite understand it."

"And what does she say about the Harrington matter?"

"She touches on it very lightly. She says she has entire confidence in my discretion. But here is what puzzles me. She offers me an interest in the concern with an increased salary on two conditions. One is that I must give up all idea of severing my connection with the house, no matter how alluring the chance to begin business for myself may seem. And the other condition is that I drop the business and go abroad for three months—the house paying all my expenses."

There was a brief pause.

"And what is to be your decision?" He drew a quick breath.

"What do you advise me to do?" he

asked. "I—I have great confidence in your judgment."

"Thank you," said the girl. "Then my advice to you is to please Miss Carmichael. By pleasing her you will please me."

"Then that's settled," he said. "But wait. About this trip abroad." His voice shook a little. "Miss Landon," he said, "I am painfully conscious of all my defects. I know I am presumptuous in daring to hope that you may see in me qualities that raise me in your estimation. I don't believe I have either the desire or courage to take that trip alone. Will you go with me as my wife?"

She did not answer him for a moment.

"Your price seems pretty high," she presently said. "An interest in the business, an increased salary, and now me."

"It is you alone I care for," he murmured.

"If it is the only way of keeping you here, my dear manager," she said, "I must say yes."

He caught her hands in his. "I didn't dream I could be so happy," he cried.

"I am afraid you are a very obtuse person," she presently said.

"No doubt of that," he answered. "Otherwise you would have discovered that a certain young woman in whom you have a keen interest was masquerading in one of your departments, finding out something about her big store and a great deal about her manager."

"What?" he cried. "You?"

"I am Alice Landon Carmichael." "I never dreamt it!" he said with a little gasp. "And you are going to marry me?"

"I am going to make sure of an excellent manager."

He looked at her in silent admiration.

"Do you know what drew me to you at first?" he said. "It was having you say a kind word in my behalf. I overheard you—I happened to be behind the partition."

Her eyes danced.

"Yes," she demurely said, "I happened to know you were there."—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TECHNICAL SCHOOL IN FOREST.

How Wood-Carving Is Taught in Austria—Live Models to Work From.

To study a valuable technical and art craftsmanship school one would scarcely in England choose a little town of 14,500 inhabitants wherein to make research. But in Austria it is in all small towns wherever there are special industries that the educational ministry plant their school to develop and advance the scientific knowledge of those industries, says a Pall Mall Gazette correspondent at Villach, Austria. Here in Villach we are in the midst of forests. Wood forms the staple commodity, and so in this interesting, historic and picturesque town is a school to develop wood industries.

The school has three sections—building, art and cabinet work. In the directors' room one at once saw all the hidden beauty and worth of wood. Articles of everyday utility were beside objects of art full of expression. There was a figure of Samson, full of pathetic power; a portrait of the old master workman, such a figure as Herkimer would glory in; a statue of Dante, and a Christ, reminding one of the work of the fourteenth century, when wood carving was in its glory—and this Christ was carved by a lad of 18. But near were quaint little tops of the most simple form; these were the models for the village children to copy, thus making the Noah's ark tops of commerce.

In the drawing rooms I was surprised to see a monkey running about and some birds feeding, but I soon saw that monkey and birds were worked into many a design; a hen with her chicks were also utilized. Flowers and trees they had around them, and the pupils had to create, not copy.

In the turners' room were fifteen lathes. In the sculptors' room pupils were at work. Quite a picturesque group was formed as the workmaster stood over a lad who, with mallet and chisel, was working out of a rough wood block the figure of a laughing fawn. The pupil had a fine face, and his eyes went into his work—a village lad turned into an artist by this school.

The number of pupils in all was 520. Girls were taught drawing and painting. Here their system makes the poorest see with an artistic eye, and the value of this was evident in the town. In the furniture and houses were seen the influence of this school, which is absolutely free to all without payment—even for material.

Autographs and Holographs.

"An autograph," said an antiquary, "is worth nothing, while a holograph may be worth \$1,000 or more. An autograph of a man is his simple signature. His holograph is one of his signed letters, and its value depends on its interest."

"Some men are such fools that they think autographs valuable and holographs worthless."

"I know a man who found in his grandfather's chest a lot of important letters of Franklin, Washington, Aaron Burr, Hamilton, Andre and Jefferson. He read these letters; then he burnt them, first cutting out the signatures."

"For the signatures he got 50 cents apiece or thereabouts. For the letters in their entirety he would have got from \$100 to \$500 apiece."

"By this loss of about \$24,000 the man learned the difference between an autograph and a holograph."



1128—Scots defeated at the battle of the Standard.

1385—Portuguese defeated the Spaniards at Aljubarrota.

1433—Death of John I. of Portugal.

1456—Hungary Janos, one of the greatest war captains of his age, died.

1553—John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in the Tower.

1628—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, assassinated by John Felton.

1642—Charles I. set up his standard at Nottingham.

1648—Prince of Conde victorious over Archduke Leopold at battle of Lens.

1672—Massacre of the Brothers De Witt at The Hague.

1716—Battle of Saragossa.

1750—Osageo taken by Montcalm.... Letizia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, born at Ajaccio, Corsica.

1767—Earthquake on the island of Martinique killed 15,000 persons.

1776—Maryland adopted a State constitution.

1781—First mail coach in England left London for Bristol.

1793—Pondicherry taken by the English.

1808—British and Spanish forces defeated the French at battle of Vitoria.

1809—French defeated the Spanish at battle of Almonacid.

1814—Washington, D. C., attacked and taken by the British.

1818—The Savannah, the first steamer to cross the Atlantic, was launched.

1833—Irish Church Temporalities act passed.

1835—The Earl of Gosford sworn in as Governor of Canada.

1841—British expedition commenced the ascent of the Niger river.

1844—Victory of the French over the Moors at Isly.

1846—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" first performed at Birmingham, England.... Capture of Santa Fe by Americans and annexation of New Mexico to United States.

1848—The territory of Oregon organized.

1849—Surrender of Venice to the Austrians.

1851—America cup won by American yacht at Cowes, England.

1854—First petroleum well opened at Titusville, Pa.

1857—The new Louvre, Paris, inaugurated with great ceremony by Napoleon III.

1858—The Danubian principalities constituted.

1892—Garibaldi occupied Catania.

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

It will be noticed that this issue of the SENTINEL has a good deal to say in regard to bubonic plague, and the public duty of preventing, if possible, its introduction among us. The reason of the deep interest taken in this matter is, that we deem it the duty of a newspaper to warn the people of the possible encroachment of an enemy. If a large quantity of dynamite were placed in the center of town, the danger to the Wrangell public would be no greater than it is at the present time, when any one of the ships coming from Seattle may bring the germ which will give the dread disease its start here; and if that dynamite should explode, the result would be less appalling than if bubonic plague took root in town. In large cities persons afflicted can be isolated, reducing the danger to a minimum; but in small towns, not prepared for such emergencies, it is different. A strict quarantine would be instituted, and made effective until the disappearance of the last symptom. A quarantine would mean no intercourse with the outside, and this is a condition which should not be welcomed.

Now, knowing that the extermination of the genus Mus is the one effectual way of warding off plague, which would you rather do: spend a few minutes in setting traps and spreading poison; or, be shut up in your homes for, perhaps, many weeks or months?

There is cause for alarm, so "in time of peace, prepare for war."

LETTING DOWN THE BARS

[CONTRIBUTED]

During the last season the canneries had difficulty in getting a sufficient number of Chinamen to do their work. Other kinds of labor were tried, but it proved very unsatisfactory, and we are informed that a combined effort is being made to let down the bars in some way, so that Chinese laborers can be secured.

Has not our country enough racial problems in hand now, without making things worse?

When weak races come in contact with strong races, the first thing they do is to learn their vices. So it is that the more of alien races that are introduced, the greater the moral problems become.

Have we not, as a nation, gone far enough in our money-mad career? Should there not be some other things thought of more than dollars and cents?

Would it be a great calamity if the canneries did not go on increasing the size of their packs? The fish would have a better chance. Then, possibly some of this labor could be done by white people or Indians that the Chinese are now expected to do.

The present scarcity of labor is not going to continue. Last summer was an unusually prosperous summer, and it is probable that there will not be the like again in a number of years. There are men enough here to do the work. Keep the Chinese out, we do not need them.

It seems a trifle queer for a town council to be compelled, in order to abate a nuisance or a menace to public health, to pay a reward for such abatement. Take, for example, the bounty on rats. One citizen is as likely as another to be seized by bubonic plague, the danger is everywhere, yet the average citizen will not take a part in the crusade against the pest which carries the germs without remuneration. It should be a matter of public pride for the residents of any town to join hands in the extermination of rats. If there is danger of your property being destroyed by the elements, will you wait for someone to pay you for taking measures to prevent such destruction? Why, then, when one human life is worth more than millions of property, should you stand back until paid in money for the protection of the public against the deadly plague? Every man, woman and child in Wrangell is in danger of it. Let's tell the council to apply the funds of the town to some necessary public improvement, while we destroy every rat freely and willingly.

KEEP A LOOKOUT

A recent dispatch says that the movement of the battleship fleet to the Pacific was recommended by the naval board, the members of which had information that agents of Japan were preparing to seize a base on the Pacific coast, presumably somewhere along Western Alaska.

It will be remembered that prior to the Russo-Japanese war, numerous Japanese, ostensibly friendly to Russia, went into Russian territory, married Russian women and engaged in various mercantile pursuits—always on a small scale. When war actually occurred, it transpired that these merchants(?) were no more nor less than spies in the employ of the Japanese government, having gone into Russia simply for the purpose of learning the topography and geography of the country with regard to the possibility of the movement of troops and munitions of war.

A local case of the same nature is reported. It is said that a vessel recently loaded near Cape Fanshaw with mild-cured fish for Japan. A portion of the crew were Japanese, and they spent the greater portion of the time in drawing maps, taking soundings, and gathering other data, absolutely useless to a friendly merchant ship. They probably also ascertained the ease with which the cable could be cut at that point, so as to shut off communication with the world from this section.

Does this mean anything? It means simply this:

Japan can not go to war without money. But she can cut the cable, and by deploying a few fast ships in the road of the gold-laden boats from the north, seize them and be well upon her way across the Pacific before our men o'-war could be notified.

Now, does the ever-increasing Japanese population of Alaska signify anything?

Almost every ship which comes from Sound ports brings a few subjects of the Mikado, who are left off at various points along the route. Wrangell has its quota, and at the present time there are not less than half a dozen of the little yellow men living here in apparent idleness and leisure.

It is not our purpose to stir up feeling against these Japanese, yet it will do no harm to keep our weather eyes open. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

If your wife and children were being attacked by some wild animal, and in danger of death, would you wait until the council offered to pay you before you would make an attempt to save them? If they were drowning, would you wait for remuneration before going to their rescue? If so, you have no right to breathe Heaven's fresh air. No more are you a man if you accept a fee for destroying the rats which infest your premises, carrying about the germs of the deadly bubonic plague. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and we,

men of Wrangell, owe it as a sacred duty to our families to rid the town of these obnoxious pests before the disease gets a start. Don't allow any filth thrown about your home, but burn all rubbish or dump it where the tide will get it.

Some of the salmon fishermen are putting up a howl about the wholesale use of herring for the manufacture of guano. And they have just cause for complaint. At Killisnoo the herring fishermen take as high as six hundred barrels of these little fish at one haul of a seine. Just stop and think what this will amount to, if allowed to continue. It means that with each succeeding year the favorite food of the salmon become scarcer, and that within a comparatively short space of time the salmon will have to choose another habitat than the waters of Alaska, and one of the greatest industries of the territory will become an item of history. Thousands of employees will thus be thrown out of employment at the canneries—an enormous sacrifice to the greed of one or two small concerns. Excellent fertilizer can be made from seaweed, of which there is an exhaustless supply; and if the management of the various fish-guano manufactories would apply the rule of "live and let live" and turn their attention

to sea weed for raw material, conditions would be greatly improved, and the future brighter. Otherwise, the department of the federal government which has charge of the fishing industry should be asked to act in the matter, and, if it was any other country than Alaska, we believe the department would have acted already.

If you were in danger of being run over by a train, would you ask anybody to pay you for moving? Alaska draws her supplies from Seattle, where bubonic plague has already done deadly work, and the danger to the people of Alaska is as great as if they were in front of a runaway train. Don't ask for money, but stand up like men and kill the pests which threaten to convey the horrible malady to your loved ones. DO IT NOW!

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